

PRICE ONE CENT

NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1890.

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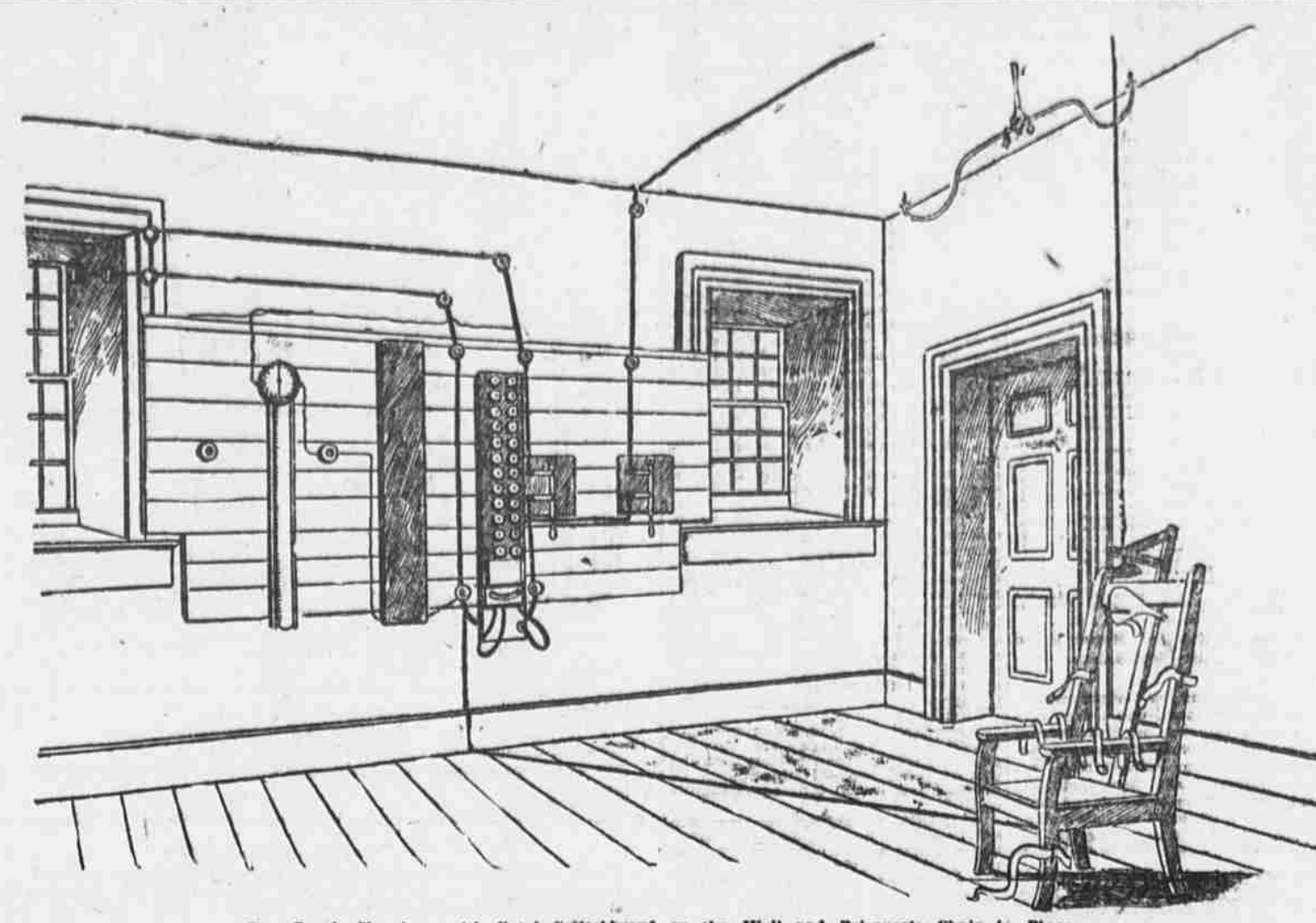
DREAD DELAY.

Murderer Kemmler Has Not Yet Felt the Deadly Shock.

All About Auburn Prison Silent As the Walls Themselves.

But the Little City Outside Stirred by Many a Tale.

A Midnight Story of the Arrival of Hack-Loads of Men.



The Death Chamber, with Fatal Switchboard on the Wall and Prisoner's Chair in Place.

Special to THE EVENING WORLD. Auburn, Aug. 4.—The tragic farce of execution is being played once more in this pretty city and is well along in the first act.

There is a mysterious about every one connected with the big stone-walled prison—the theatre.

For the time, truthfulness is at a discount, and even the town Warden is sworn down to the lowest attic of the institution, vying with his neighbor in tergiversation.

The Warden is demonstrating what he meant when he told an EVENING WORLD reporter that he alone would boss the legal extermination of William Kemmler. He has put a cork in the mouth of every one of his underlings, and even Mrs. Durston foregoes the privilege of her sex and does not talk.

When any one does venture a statement regarding the poor fellow awaiting death in his basement cell, or about the awful event that is about to take place, it is sure to be contradicted the statement of some one else, or indeed of his predecessor on the same lips.

Warden Durston alone is voluble, and here are three samples of his volubility:

To an EVENING WORLD reporter he stated Thursday that he was going next day to Long Island City to see some parties about some hollow-iron work.

To another reporter, at Albany, he told that he was going to Newark to have some repairs done to the volt-meter, a part of the apparatus to be used in the electrocution.

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Against the odds of such indirectness a score or more of newspaper reporters are struggling to give their readers a true story of the last hours of the rat who has been baited in this great stone-walled trap for fifteen months, and seek to describe faithfully the taking off of the murderer of Tillie Ziegler.

Yesterday it was the story on the lips of every one in Auburn that the man confined in the cage of death had become hopelessly insane through the terrible strain of these weary months, and that his bodily health had deteriorated to such an extent that he was a driving idiot, unfit to live and unfit to die.

Up to today the Rev. Dr. Houghton, Kemmler's spiritual adviser, had maintained a dignified silence; but when he found several newspapers announcing that his protégé had broken down and was insane, he broke his silence.

No one seems to be responsible for the story of Kemmler's mental breakdown, but Dr. Houghton, sitting with his good wife in the cozy parlance of the First Methodist Church, after gravely considering, said: "I can conceive of no reason for the story. William Kemmler is a well man, both physically and mentally. He eats well, sleeps well and spends his time in talking, reading from primers and practicing his handwriting."

There has been a great change in him since he came to Auburn Prison. He is less an animal, more a man. I see him two or three times each week. I saw him Saturday. I talk with him and we kneel and pray together.

He seems to me as if he felt, and he says he does feel, the enormity of his crime; that he should be punished for it and that he is ready to receive that punishment. He says he would rather die in the chair than to live and go back to his old ways—rather die than be imprisoned for life."

Dr. Haver, the prison physician, a frank old practitioner, says: "I have never been called upon to attend Kemmler, and his health is excellent."

An EVENING WORLD reporter, while in the prison last evening, saw that which would seem to substantiate Dr. Houghton's story, in part at least.

It was a ray on which was William Kemmler's Sunday dinner, consisting of a big rare beefsteak, two potatoes, two large slices of white bread and butter, scrambled eggs, a dish of sauce and a cup of tea—all smoking hot from the prison kitchen.

As this tray, in the hands of a colored convict, passed down the stairs to the cell of the doomed man the reporter wondered if it would be the last dinner the poor fellow would ever partake of; but there was but one man in the world who could answer that question, and he had steadfastly declared that he did not know.

This little city shook off its lethargy last evening and began to display some interest in the event about to take place in its midst.

that the rat in trap was about to be killed, and little knots of people gathered at the barred front of the prison yard and stared at the ivy-clad walls of the south wing, where a faint light, glimmering from out of the interstices of the thick foliage, denoted the iron-barred window of the chamber of death.

At 11 o'clock, Policeman Roseboom informed an EVENING WORLD reporter that while he was on the northern outskirts of the town, an hour before, he saw two hacks full of men drive in town from the direction of Fort Byron, a station on the New York Central through line.

A citizen was found who declared that he saw two hacks discharge their cargoes of men at the prison gate.

The story was soon in the mouth of every belated Auburnian, and many who had sought their virtuous couches arose and hastened out to the street again, while a dozen sleepy reporters were awakened by their sentinels; and not-withstanding Warden Durston's repeated assertions that there would be no assembly in disposing of Kemmler, and positive statement that the execution would not take place on Monday, there was a watch put upon the prison by a hundred people, and continued by the reporters till daybreak.

The 7 o'clock train rolled in from the east, and the first person to step off was Warden Durston. He had boarded the train which bore his wife to Syracuse, last night, clambering on at some point up the railroad yard above the depot.

Still, none of the eminent pathologists and electricians, court officials and others, who assembled here in April as invited witnesses of the execution, had arrived, and the prison was barren of information as an oyster.

The Warden still declared that the hour for the execution had not been fixed, and every one else connected with the institution was silent. Again the sceptical Auburnians scoffed and offered small wagers that the man in the silent cell would die of old age.

Some offered reasons of greater or less moment for this disbelief, and the reasons were as varied as those who entertained them.

The most popular idea was that the powerful electrical corporation which interceded before and saved Kemmler for a little longer, would come up again this time with a term injunction restraining Warden Durston from using the Westinghouse dynamo for the execution on the ground that it was sold by the company subject to the restriction that it was to be used only for electric lighting.

Thus when it became known that last evening a small man, a stranger, leaned over Clerk Cane's desk at the Osborne House and asked in a half whisper: "Has the Westinghouse man arrived yet?" The supporters of the injunction idea felt very confident, indeed.

Another idea was that the newspapers were misled into printing stories of Kemmler's falling mind as a starter in a scheme for applying for a commission in the army to see if Kemmler were not mad.

Another story was that Warden Durston, who was at Clinton Prison last week with his electrical apparatus, which was to have been used in the execution of Joseph Chaplain, was very busy there, posing of an electrical expert, and that he was much crestfallen when Gov. Hill commuted the French Canadian's sentence and again made it certain that Durston, and not Warden Fuller, of Clinton Prison, must make the first execution with the new machine.

Up to that time the machine was in perfect order; but suddenly Warden Durston discovered that the volt-meter was out of order; and what could be easier than for an electrician to fix the volt meter so that it would register the required 1,000 to 2,000 volts, when the machine was really only twisting and rattling the victim with 300 or some other voltage which he could stand.

That would not kill Kemmler, but it would forever kill electrocution as a certain and humane mode of capital punishment.

For twenty-four months there has been indistinct talk of the power of the State's dynamo, and two mysterious strangers have been seen in the centre of listening barroom groups, all over the city, discussing and agreeing that these Westinghouse dynamos, like the one in Copper John's big house, were made expressly for lightning purposes, and as made that they would be harmless to human life.

Meanwhile, down in the silent cell, Kemmler is whiling away his last hours on earth by writing his name on pieces of cardboard, scrawling his hair

before a little mirror securely imbedded in the stonework, just outside the gratings, and listening to the tum-tum-tum of Frank Fish's banjo in the other death cell, before which men up and down Fish sing, whistle, laugh and are merry at times. He was even before a new trial was granted to him.

Kemmler is a thick-skulled, dull and heavy fellow, with a notion of being a dandy. He prims and puffs with his toilet, and is as fastidious as Betty Wall.

The prison is as quiet as the grave to-day, but opposite the entrance the Western Union has opened a temporary office in the dusty old abandoned New York Central freight-house, and twenty operators from New York sit at the keys awaiting business, while a score of reporters, scouts and sentinels watch every movement about the grim walls opposite.

Her Dr. Houghton and Chaplain Yates spent two hours with Kemmler this afternoon. On emerging from the prison they were uncommunicative, but Mr. Houghton said that he had not yet been notified of the hour of the execution.

He said Kemmler was calm and in good spirit.

Warden Durston announced to a group of reporters at 4 o'clock this afternoon that there would be no execution within the next twenty-four hours.

No Respite for Kemmler Asked Yet.

Special to THE EVENING WORLD. Albany, Aug. 4.—At noon to-day Gov. Hill said he had not thus far received any application for a stay of execution in the Kemmler case, and knew nothing about efforts looking to a respite for the condemned man.

Invited to the Execution.

Buffalo Men Asked to Report at Auburn to-Morrow Evening.

Special to THE EVENING WORLD. Buffalo, Aug. 4.—Electrician Barnes, of this city, had intended to start at noon to-day for Auburn to superintend the execution of Kemmler, but was telegraphed by Warden Durston this morning not to come.

No explanation of this order was given. Mr. Barnes feels confident that the machinery at Auburn will do its work effectively, and that the condemned man will die instantly, without pain.

The dynamo has over 1,800 volt power, but only 1,500 is to be turned on.

As to the time of the execution, the electrician said it would be early in the week and intimated that the hour would not be one of daylight.

The man who was to turn the fatal switch, Mr. Barnes said, lives in Auburn, but his name will not be made known.

HER DIAMONDS TOOK WINGS.

Harry Hilliard's Ex-Wife Offers \$1,000 for Her Lost Jewels.

Wrapped in a Kerchief, They Vanished While She Slept.

It is a weird tale of lost diamonds that Capt. Killian's detectives are trying to fathom. They are stimulated by the offer of \$1,000 reward for the man who solves the riddle, and if there is a thief in the case it is a bad outlook for him.

A fairy-like figure, attired in a dainty, loose-fitting, negligee morning dress, greeted an EVENING WORLD reporter this morning when he called at 324 West Fifty-eighth street in search of information relative to the mysterious disappearance of a "handkerchief" containing diamonds of great value," as announced in the "raggy column" of a morning paper.

The captivating person was none other than Miss Ada Hilliard, or Lobdell, the pretty divorced wife of Harry Hilliard, the tenor, and between sobs and sighs this charming woman told how she had lost \$8,000 worth of diamonds from her apartments.

The lady occupies a flat with her mother at the above address.

"I have been awfully bothered by private detectives this morning," she said listlessly.

"I am afraid of reporters, and it makes me feel nervous," she said, "I should be inaccurately reported."

"I'll tell you and you alone," she confidentially continued, "how I came to lose my jewels."

"It was last Friday evening, between 7:30 and 9 o'clock. I placed my jewelry in a handkerchief and then threw myself across my bed for I had received news that worried me much."

"In the handkerchief were one solitary diamond ring, another ring set with three diamonds, a third set with sapphires, and the fourth with a ruby and sapphire, a diamond bracelet and a solitary diamond pin. All these were valued at \$8,000."

"I fell asleep, and towards 9 o'clock I awoke. The servant girl had asked permission to go downstairs to bid good-by to the laundress, who was to call for Europe the following morning, and as mother was out I was all alone."

"The first thought I had on waking was of my jewelry. I rushed over to the table where I had left the handkerchief, and it was gone!"

"A deep-drawn sigh here varied the narrative. Mrs. Hilliard continued:

"I at once raised a cry that my jewelry had been stolen. Mother came in, and we made a thorough search all over the house, the servant girl joining in to trace the missing valuables."

"I became distracted with grief over the loss of my diamonds, because I prized them so highly. They were heirlooms to my family."

"The next day I went to see Capt. Killian, of the West Forty-seventh street station, and he sent his detectives to the house and they are at work on the case now."

"For the life of me I cannot account for the queer way in which the jewels went. I hardly think they could have been stolen by thieves, as I had several large bank bills on a bureau only a few feet away, which were not disturbed."

"Perhaps I dropped them out of the window. I have been in the habit of putting my jewelry in a handkerchief under a flower pot in my parlor window."

HOTTEST DAYS OF THE YEAR.

New York Scorching Under a Superheated Caloric Wave.

Mercury in the Nineties, Dense Humidity, and No Relief in Sight.

The hot wave predicted by Sergt. Dunn last week arrived in Gotham this morning by limited express from the West. It promises to be a corker.

Even the Sergeant felt that he couldn't stand it, and whether it was on this account he has been ordered to leave the city, and is expected to leave for the West.

Having obtained leave of absence from the War Department, he has taken himself to a cool and secluded spot somewhere on the coast, and is expected to leave for the West.

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NANNIE P. WALL ST. RACING.

She Kicks Her Jockey Off the Track, Then Wins the Race.

BETTERS ON FORM HAPPY.

Best Horses, or Those Considered Such, Win at the Spa.

Best Horses, or Those Considered Such, Win at the Spa.

Special to THE EVENING WORLD. Saratoga, Aug. 4.—With the second and sixth races divided, the programme called for seven races to-day.

As there were few horses scratched, each event had a good field of starters, and as usual in such cases the results were uncertain and lively betting was produced.

The weather was very warm, but there was a good attendance, many of the Sunday visitors from New York remaining to see the sport.

In a breakaway at the post in the sixth race Nannie P. Wall stumbled and unseated Jover, the jockey. The boy was dragged quite a distance by one leg, and the mare finally kicked him loose. The boy was picked up and carried to the track, quite badly injured. Nannie P. was at once weighed to ride in the first race.

First race, for maidens two-year-olds: Five furlongs.

Starters: Nannie P. Wall, Jockey, Starters, Place.

Second race, for maidens two-year-olds: Five furlongs.

Starters: Nannie P. Wall, Jockey, Starters, Place.

Third race, for maidens two-year-olds: Five furlongs.

Starters: Nannie P. Wall, Jockey, Starters, Place.

Fourth race, for maidens two-year-olds: Five furlongs.

Starters: Nannie P. Wall, Jockey, Starters, Place.

Fifth race, for maidens two-year-olds: Five furlongs.

Starters: Nannie P. Wall, Jockey, Starters, Place.

Sixth race, for maidens two-year-olds: Five furlongs.

Starters: Nannie P. Wall, Jockey, Starters, Place.

Seventh race, for maidens two-year-olds: Five furlongs.

Starters: Nannie P. Wall, Jockey, Starters, Place.

Eighth race, for maidens two-year-olds: Five furlongs.

Starters: Nannie P. Wall, Jockey, Starters, Place.

Ninth race, for maidens two-year-olds: Five furlongs.

Starters: Nannie P. Wall, Jockey, Starters, Place.

Tenth race, for maidens two-year-olds: Five furlongs.

Starters: Nannie P. Wall, Jockey, Starters, Place.

STOCK REPORTS.

Bears Ruin the Corn Crop and Reduce the Market.

And This Despite Opposite Reports from the West.

Boston Goes Heavy on Sugar Certificates.

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HE bears on stocks being somewhat dismayed by Saturday's favorable bank statement and the progress made by the Western railway managers looking to a restoration of rates, started in this morning to ruin the corn crop. They had information that the intense heat had actually burned up the corn in the fields and that the railroads hadn't the slightest hope of making a dollar, through the hauling of this cereal.

Many of them backed up their opinions with fair-sized selling orders, and they succeeded in depressing prices about 4 a 1/4 per cent.

This corn crop business makes old-timers smile. In previous years it was customary to buy stocks at about this season, and the hotter the weather the better operators liked it.

The saying was then "when you can hear corn grow, buy 'em."

This year the rule does not hold good for the reason that "when you can hear corn grow, buy 'em" has been so common that the market and big men are indifferent.

Western advices were the very opposite of the rumors in the Board. Chicago specials stating that heavy rains are reported quite general throughout the entire corn belt west and southwest of Chicago, and the Sugar Service this morning predicts rain for every corn State west of the Ohio River through to the Rocky Mountains.

Kansas has had a good rainfall notably from Concordia east. The only section where more rain is not registered is North Dakota, where the harvest is now in full.

The bears were assisted in their operations by the further engagement of \$2,500,000 additional gold for shipment to Europe.

The buying of sugar certificates was particularly good, the price rising from 8 1/2 to 8 3/4.

Boston was a large purchaser again to-day. New Englanders having great confidence in the ability of Kidder, Peabody & Co. to organize the Trust.

Money worked closed and at one time the rate cut up to 8 per cent.

THE CLOSING QUOTATIONS.

Amer. Cotton Oil, 100, 100, 100, 100.

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Amer. Cotton Oil, 100, 100, 100, 100.

Amer. Cotton Oil, 100, 100, 100, 100.

BY NECKS.

An Exciting Finish in the First Race at Brighton Beach.

BELA WAS A 10 TO 1 PUT.

Hamilton Plucks Victory from Defeat by Fine Riding.

Hamilton Plucks Victory from Defeat by Fine Riding.

Special to THE EVENING WORLD. Brighton Beach Race Track, Aug. 4.—The much larger crowd attended the fifteenth day of the meeting at Brighton Beach. The track was in splendid condition and the racing very above the average.

In the first race the finish was very exciting between Newburg, Emerald and Belle. The former's winning was due to Hamilton's fine riding.

First race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.

Second race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.

Third race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.

Fourth race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.

Fifth race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.

Sixth race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.

Seventh race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.

Eighth race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.

Ninth race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.

Tenth race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.

Eleventh race, five-eighths of a mile, selling.

Starters: Newburg, Emerald, Belle.